

Our Association already pays its own way, as will be seen from the account published below. Later I hope we shall be able to make it of use to ourselves in many ways.

RECEIVED.	£	s.	d.	PAID.	£	s.	d.
Subscriptions of Members...	9	0	0	For Type-written Number	3	3	0
Miss Mason's Subscription	1	1	0	For first Number ..	4	17	6
				Working Expenses ..	2	4	0
				Balance in hand ..	0	5	0
	10	10	0				

E. LANFIER, Treasurer pro tem.

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

DEAR EDITOR,

It seems a long time since we last wrote to you for the first number of the Magazine last January. Coming back after Christmas, we missed several familiar faces, but gladly welcomed some new ones, and the time has been passing very happily for us all. It seemed very strange not to see Miss Kitching, but we are thankful that she is now so much better, and we are looking forward to her return next term.

Miss Mott is still with us, and we divide ourselves into Seniors, Juniors, and Sub-juniors, and take lessons with her for a month at a time.

The literary evenings are held once a fortnight, and we have spent some pleasant hours with Kingsley, Matthew Arnold, Tennyson, G. Elliot, and others. We enjoy them intensely, and find they afford delightful introductions to the various authors.

We had the good fortune to have fine weather during our holiday at Easter, and those of us who stayed here had a most enjoyable time. We went excursions every day — up Helvellyn, to Conistone, Keswick, Ulswater, Langdales, and others not quite so far afield. Several of us learnt to bicycle.

For the last month or six weeks we have been favoured with beautiful weather, and we are taking much pleasure in our evening walks.

We have had pleasant visits from Mrs. Franklin and Mrs. Stenithal, and one afternoon Archdeacon Wilson came with his wife and gave us a most delightful lecture on the Leonids — the shooting stars of November. This week we have with us Mlle. Duriaux, who is giving us lectures every day on the Gouin method, which she illustrates by means of most perfect lessons, both to us and the children in the Practising School. Four of us give lessons to the others daily and are duly criticised by her. Her lectures are raising our enthusiasm for the Gouin method. We are all (with the exception of those who are most concerned) looking forward with great pleasure to Mr. Rooper's visit, and also to seeing Mrs. Dallas Yorke, who both come at the end of the week.

Another new institution is a fourth class in the Practising School. Two girls (who hope to be among the students of the future) live in the village, and come up every day. This means three school mistresses each week, but we much enjoy the work and the girls also. About a fortnight ago, we went for a botanical excursion to Humphrey Head, near Gosport. We found several plants not known in Ambleside, and altogether had a most successful day, largely owing to Miss Hodgson's arrangements. We all hope this expedition will not be the last of its kind.

We are sending a list of flowers found in April, as we thought that old students might find it interesting.

By the time this number of the Magazine comes out we all hope to be possessors of the badge. We are very pleased with the faithful representation of the character of the rush.

Hoping you will all have very pleasant holidays,

We remain, yours truly,

THE STUDENTS OF THE HOUSE OF EDUCATION.

DEAR EDITOR,

The following facts may perhaps interest some of my readers. I am very happy teaching two dear little girls, aged four and five, who live quite in the country. The father and mother are devoted to the children, but do not, I am glad to say, spoil them in any way. The baby is only eighteen months old, so of course I have nothing to do with her, although whenever I can I go to the nursery to play with her. She is very pretty, and has lovely deep violet-coloured eyes and such a thoughtful expression.

We have prayers every morning before breakfast; all three children come down to them, and the baby sits on her father's knee, and is perfectly good and quiet.

One morning Mr. ——— was reading about St. Peter's denial. When he came to the words, "The cock crew," baby immediately said, "Cock-a-doodle-do." I know my readers will at once say this was only chance; many people have already said the same to me. However, when Mr. ——— came to the word again, baby did just the same. I ought to have said that this child is very backward with her talking, and can only say a few words. I have thought often about this, and think it shows clearly that even babies can be attentive and understand what is talked about, in their way, long before they can talk.

Perhaps some of the readers of this Magazine do not know of a very good monthly book called *Science for All*, by Robert Brown, M.A., etc., and published by Cassell & Co., Limited. It is only sixpence a month. The first number was issued, I think, last December. It is to be completed in twenty parts. I have found it most helpful, and the illustrations are excellent. No. 5, for instance, has a delightful paper on demons. The "Anatomy of a Folio," splendidly illustrated, is another. "Voyages in Cloud-land," "The Mathematics of Plants' Hunger," "A Fish in the Water," are also very interesting.

May I also recommend to my readers "The Mighty Atom," by Mario Corelli. I hear some of them say, "Read Marie Corelli's books! Oh dear no," etc., etc. This one is really very interesting, and shows the awful consequences of bringing up children without any religion. It is a pretty but sad story. I strongly recommend everyone to read it who has anything to do with children.

Yours truly,

E. D.

MY DEAR BARNES,

You have given me a very touching surprise and pleasure. The students asked me to talk a little about the meaning of our badge. I said I should like to make it the subject of our Sunday talk, so, on Sunday last (July 12th), we read from Dante's *Purgatorio*, Canto I., how Virgil was directed to prepare Dante for his difficult ascent:

"Go, then, and see thou gird this one about  
With a smooth rush, and that thou wash his face,  
So that thou cleanse away all stain therefrom.

This little island round about its base,  
Below there, yonder where the billow beats it,  
Dost rushen bear upon its waxy case,  
No other plant that putteth forth the leaf,  
Or that doth indicate, can there have life,  
Because it yieldeth not unto the shocks.

Then came we down upon the desert shore.

There he bight me as the ether pleased:  
O marvellest I for even so he called  
The humble plant, such it sprang up again  
Suddenly there where he speared it."

(Longfellow's Translation)

And we got the idea of the yielding rush incapable alike of self-assertion and of receiving the wounds and scars of mortification. The waves that beat upon the desert shore are the waves of our badge, and reminded us of the "waves of this troublesome world." Then we looked for the scriptural origins of Dante's thought — how St. Peter says, in his First Epistle, "Yes, all of you, gird yourselves with humility, to serve one another;" and we recollected that St. Peter had seen the pattern of the Divine Humility girding Himself for lowly service on the last night of His human life. Then we read the Divine Law about humility (St. Luke xxi., 24-29); after, we read a passage from William Law, beginning, "There never was nor ever will be but one humility in the whole world, and that is the one humility of Christ." And then we read St. Matthew xviii., 1-7, where our Lord Himself recognises the little children as also "humble" (because of His own indwelling); and we thought that perhaps the offence against children, of which such terrible condemnation is spoken, was to offend against their humility in such a way as to make them lose this Christ-like quality. This led us to consider what humility is, and we saw that it is not relative but absolute: that it does not mean that we shall think

small things of ourselves compared with this one and that, but that we shall have eyes so steadfastly fixed upon our Master, our duty, our sphere of service, that we shall have no moment left in which to think of ourselves at all—a most blessed way to escape all wounds, and wrongs, and injuries, and bitter mortifications. We considered that the rush was our most appropriate badge, because, though humility is binding upon every Christian person, it is most especially so upon those who are called to feed His lambs, the lambs whom He has Himself declared to be “humble,” like unto Him.

Then, when all our thoughts were tender with the thought of our high vocation, Miss Mulloney came forward with sweet words, thanking me for what I had said, and much more, from you all—present students and past students—and offering me your beautiful golden badge. It was very overpowering. I cannot tell you how precious your gift is to me: it will be a sort of talisman to be worn on all occasions of moment—when I speak for the P.N.E.U., and on all the students' special occasions. I shall wear a bronze badge every day, but this when I wish to be specially stimulated in our great cause. I shall feel that it means your love and your prayers. Thank you, my dear friends, with my whole heart, for your most fitly thought of, and gracefully offered, gift.

I am, always your loving friend,

CHARLOTTE M. MASON.